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The Danger of Popery and Slavery

To the Tune of, Liliebulera Bulinara.

I.

THere is Plotters on foot, look about *Engliſh*-Boys;
Hang up the Plotters as ſoon as you can:
A Plot which our *Hanover* Title deſtroys,
And ſhak'd off the Throne our Glorious Queen *Anne*.
Over, over, Hanover *over,*
Haſte and Aſſiſt our Church and our State:
Haſte over Hanover *as faſt as you can over,*
Put in your Claim e're it be too late.

II.

A Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends,
The States to Uphold in the *Proteſtant* Line:
If a bad Peace is made, that Bargain then ends,
And ſpoils Her Majeſty's gallant good Name.
Over, over, &c.

III.

A Perſon there is, that goes by moe Names,
Than ever an Honeſt Man could, ſhould or would,
I wiſh we don't find him an Arrant King *James*,
When ever he pipes out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

IV.

The Dauphin of *France* to a Monaſtry went,
To Viſit the Mother of him aforeſaid,
He wiſh'd her much Joy, he left her Content,
With a Dainty Fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

V.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may gueſs,
So welcome muſt be to her and her Lad;
Let any Man ſay if we can do leſs,
Than be very Sory when they're very Glad.
Over, over, &c.

VI.

Or elſe we muſt bid farewel to our Trades,
What ever fine Tales ſome People have told,
When ever a Peace of that Nature is made,
We ſend out no Wool, nor bring Home no Gold.
Over, over, &c.

VII.

Come wag on the Wats Bay with all your might,
Our Taxes are great, our Danger not ſmall,
Better be half Undone than to be quite Undone,
Half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all.
Over, over, Hanover *over,*
Haſte and Aſſiſt our Church and our State:
Haſte over Hanover, *as faſt as you can over,*
Put in your Claim e're it be too late.

The Second Part, To the ſame Tune.

I.

WHen our Conqu'ring Troops were brought to the Plain,
Brave *Eugen* & *Marlborow* call'd them to Fight;
Tallard, *Vendoſm*, and *Villars* Reſiſted in vain,
And the whole Flow'r of *France* were ſet in their Sight.
Over, over, &c.

II.

Remember the *Blenheim's* and *Ramilie's* Field,
Where our Hectoring Monſieurs were put to ý Sword:
Think on *Audenard* Monſieur, and paſſing the Shield,
Truſt our Courage and Fortune, but never our Word.
Over, over, &c.

III.

Bold *Britain* ſtrike Home, and follow your Blows,
Since Conqueſt, and Conqueſt is thrown in your Lap;
Tho' the Treacherous *Lewis* now a Supplicant Foe,
That the Stout *Britiſh* Lyon may be caught in a Trap.
Over, over, &c.

IV.

Our Conquering Hero's are yet to the fore,
There's nothing but *Cambry* 'twixt us and *Verſails*;
We'll neither fear *Lewis* that Son of a Whore,
Nor Receive his mock *Perkin* the Prince of *Wales*.
Over, over, &c.

V.

Was there ever ſuch Hardſhip impos'd on a Nation?
Our Union's made void, our Kingdom's brought under,
By an Occaſional Bill, and a Damn'd Toleration,
Brought in of deſign to Tear us aſunder.
Over, over, &c.

VI.

In vain is a Snare laid in Sight of the Bird,
Let's call to our Friends for their Timous Aſſiſtance,
Tho' the Tory provail, yet we won't take their Word,
When our Throat's to be cut, we'll Preach Non-reſiſtance.
Over, over, &c.

VII.

Let the King be Addreſſed, and told of His Danger,
That His Eyes may be opened let us all Pray:
Sure the Prince of *Hanover* is not ſuch a Stranger
To the Crown, as the Son of poor *Mary Gray*.
Over, over, Hanover *over,*
Haſte and Aſſiſt our Church and our State:
Haſte over Hanover, *as faſt as you can over,*
Put in your Claim e're it be too late.

FINIS.